

A GENTLE HINT.



DE SHORT—I'll send my Spring trousers down and get you to resew them.
TAILOR—Very well, sir. Send the money down and I'll receipt the bill also.

His Prescription.

When Doctor John Tubbs opened an office in Lexington avenue everybody predicted that his venture would be a failure. There were already nine physicians on the block, and only one of them had any practice to speak of. But Dr. Tubbs was not discouraged. To friends who advised him to settle in Harlem or some country town his one answer was: "I will succeed here. I have discovered a prescription which will bring me success anywhere. Just let me get a start with one patient and hundreds will follow."

The first patient came two weeks after he had hung out his shingle. She was a pretty but bored-looking young woman. Ten minutes after she entered Dr. Tubbs's office she came out flushed and smiling, and she read the prescription a dozen times on her way home, each time uttering low exclamations of delight.

Next day nine women—all friends of the first patient—called on the doctor. Every one of them paid her fee gladly and went away happy, reading the precious prescription over and over again. On the fifth day sixty-seven women and young girls filed into the doctor's office before noon. Three days later the number for the day was just one hundred. Then women began to pour in from Brooklyn and New Jersey, and the doctor had to employ several assistants. Finally, in order to save time, he had his prescription printed on slips of paper with blanks to be filled in with the names of the patients, and every caller was glad to pay \$3 for a slip. The prescription was as follows:

A bicycle. Use after each meal and at night before retiring.
JOHN TUBBS, M. D.

She Resembled Washington Somewhat.

"Phwat did yez lave Mrs. Upintheworld for, Bridget?" asked Mary Ann McClure of her friend.
"Phwat did Oi lave her fer? Didn't Oi go up to her boodywore wid a gintleman's kyard the other day an' sez she to me tell 'im Oi kyant see 'im, an' she wid two beautiful eyes, too. Oi couldn't loi loike that, an' Oi left."

MIXED DRINKS.



"Dis man ain' much fo' drinkin', but it looks powful like he'll hab to gitt along nothin' but er cocktail."

A Pertinent Query.

BROWNE—My baby's the smartest that lives on the earth!
Not more than ten months have gone by since his birth.
But, say! you ought just see that little chap walk.
And listen awhile to the words he can talk!

TOWNE—Yes, I've heard that he's quite a bright—
BROWNE—Bright! Look here, Towne, if he's not a wonder my name isn't Browne!
There's many a youngster that's twice my boy's age.
That doesn't know half as much.

TOWNE (sarcastically)—Ah! quite a sage.
For a youth of his years, I begin to perceive.

BROWNE—You bet! Why, (you may find it hard to believe,
For the babes of to-day all fall far beneath
His standard), he's cut every one of his teeth!

TOWNE (wearily)—So? Quite an accomplishment that, I suppose.
I confess I'm not posted on such things as those.

BROWNE—And that isn't all; you'll be quite amazed—
When I found it out I was just simply dazed—
But it's true that he's cast off his infantile fetters,
And already knows five or six of his letters!

TOWNE (desperately)—He certainly must be a wonderful elf.
Does he go to a barber, or shave himself?

COURTESY.



TIGER—There! there! my dear, you are in no danger. You forget that I am a man-eater.

The Other Eye; or, The Goddess with Strabismus.

CHAPTER I.
The shoplifter was interesting rather than beautiful as she sat trembling in the dock.

CHAPTER II.
Suddenly a messenger appeared upon a bicycle that would have been foaming if it had been a horse.
"Hold!" he cries. "The prisoner has just inherited a fortune."
"Thank heaven," exclaimed the woman, "I am innocent!"

CHAPTER III.
"It is the law," repeated the Court solemnly, "and I have no alternative. The defendant did not know of this legacy at the time the offence was committed; and her intent was accordingly felonious. To the jail with her!"

CHAPTER IV.
The power of wealth is not all that it is cracked up to be.

No Perceptible Reason.

HE—You say that she's rich?
SHE—Yes.
HE—And that he also is rich?
SHE—Yes.
HE—Well, why in the world do they want to marry then?

Took His Part.

THREEPIAN—There's a lot of money among actors, as you know, but I don't see much of it.

THE WIFE.



JUDGE—What's the charge against the prisoner?
OFFICER DOODY—Oh duane, Yer Honor! complaints of head nod out!

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HORSESHOE LUCK.

